

Mice on the Circular Rack

The other side of push is the pull
The get close pull away insanity of never really landing
or resting
But a balancing tightrope act perpetually on the brink of
humpty dumpty and despite the great men

A list of pointing fingers turns back upon itself
mace in the mirror
cooking grease splattered on face
over
and over
and over again
like mice on the circular rack
blind with fatigue

Exhausted by this 50-yard dash that has no finish line
and comes full circle
round and round again passing the first step
until exhaustion is so encompassing
all that is left is the collapse and surrender
once again
at the beginning of
“our lives had become unmanageable”.